



Black your Shoes, your Honour; black
Sir, black Sir?

TO clean the shoes
of London Beau
Contented in his Ration
In dirty alley
Plys Patrick Kelly,
Whose brogue betrays his

Nor wigs nor blacking,
Nor kettle lacking,
Nor tripod for your feet,
The dirt he scrubs,
The shoes he rubs,
And makes them shine like